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"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"

# DANGER

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Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

# REDUCE

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

## ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing  
Penetrating Massage



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

## TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking HEALTH



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—neck, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FAT TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased unobstructed blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

### YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

## TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

### ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS



#### CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



#### MUSCULAR ACES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

### LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

#### USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

### ORDER IT TODAY!

**SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-215**  
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send Deluxe Model.

Name

Address

City  State

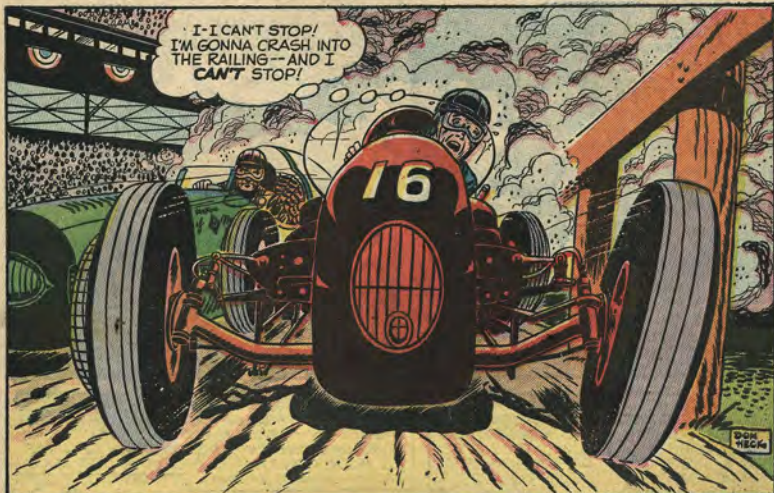
SAVE POSTAGE—check here ☐ If you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Name money back guarantee applies. ☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send Deluxe Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

I-I CAN'T STOP!  
I'M GONNA CRASH INTO  
THE RAILING--AND I  
CAN'T STOP!



YOU'RE BEHIND THE  
WHEEL OF A ROARING  
DEATH TRAP ON WHEELS  
THAT IS DOING OVER  
150 MILES AN HOUR!  
BEHIND YOU IS A GUY  
THAT IS SWORN TO GET  
YOU! SUDDENLY, YOUR  
TIRE COMES LOOSE  
AND YOU GRIP THE  
STEERING WHEEL  
HARD! BETWEEN YOU  
AND DEATH IS NOTHING  
BUT...

# SPEED

IT BEGAN A FEW YEARS BACK,  
JIM DANIELS LOVED JALOPY  
OF HIS LIKE A FATHER WOULD  
A SON! IT WAS HIS-HIS TO DRIVE  
--HIS TO RIVAL OTHERS--HIS TO  
WIN WITH!

JUST A FEW MORE  
YARDS AND--I'LL  
BE THE WINNER!



COME ON!  
COME ON!  
JIMMY IS  
AHEAD! OH--  
HURRY!  
HURRY!

THAT A  
BOY, JIM!



JIMMY WINS!!  
YAAAAAY!!







TED! LOOK!  
I WON! I  
WON! HA, HA...



YEAH, KID! YOU REALLY  
DID! YOU DRIVE THAT HOT  
ROD OF YOURS BETTER  
THAN SOME OF THE  
GUYS AT THE TRACK!

YOU REALLY THINK SO,  
TED? GEE! ALL I WANT  
TO DO IS BE LIKE YOU!  
YOU'RE THE GREATEST  
RACER IN THE  
COUNTRY!



SOMEDAY, I'LL BE  
THE ONE WHO STICKS  
HIS CHEST OUT WITH  
PRIDE! COME ON  
BOY! MOM'S CALL-  
ING US FOR  
DINNER!

I WISH YOU'D VISIT US  
MORE OFTEN, TED!  
I'VE BEEN PRACTICIN'  
HOW TO RACE EVERY  
DAY! ONE DAY I'LL  
SURPRISE YOU!



**JIMMY DANIELS WAS SEVENTEEN THEN-- AND HIS  
WORDS WERE FULL OF PROMISE! SEVEN YEARS  
PASSED BY-- SEVEN YEARS OF CONSTANT PRACTIC-  
ING, OF DEVELOPING-- THEN THE ARMY, DEATH OF  
HIS MOTHER, AND FINALLY BACK TO RACING AGAIN--  
RACING-- ALWAYS RACING...**

**TED DANIELS, HIS  
ELDER BROTHER,  
WAS STILL ONE OF  
THE TOP RACERS IN  
THE COUNTRY. BUT  
HE WAS A SICK  
MAN, AND PEGGY,  
HIS WIFE TRIED  
TO KEEP HIM  
AWAY FROM THE  
TRACK. THEN ONE  
DAY... JIM RECEIVED  
A FRANTIC PHONE  
CALL...**



CAME AS FAST  
AS I COULD!  
WHAT'S WRONG,  
PEGGY? WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

OH, JIM! TED--WOULDN'T  
LISTEN TO ME! PAUL  
LARSEN BEGGED HIM  
TO RACE THAT NEW CAR  
OF HIS! TED STILL CAN'T  
REFUSE ANYTHING FOR  
A FRIEND! AND--



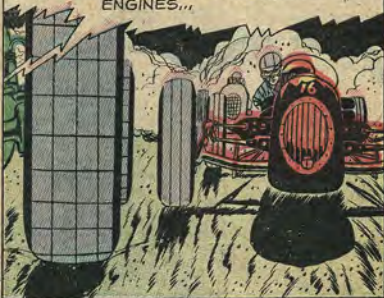
--AND-- HE'S OUT  
THERE-- WITH A  
**BAD HEART!!!**



JIM--LOOK! TED'S  
BEING CROWDED!! OH,  
TED--TED! WATCH OUT!!



CAR 97 WINS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--  
DRIVEN BY NORM TRASK FOR VINCE COREY  
OF UNITED MOTOR PRODUCTS! TED DANIELS  
IN CAR 16 IS SECOND FOR PAUL LANSSEN  
ENGINES...



MOMENTS LATER...

I DON'T LIKE WHAT HAPPENED  
BACK THERE ON THE TRACK,  
TRASK! I'M NO GREEN DRIVER  
YOU CAN BULL OUT OF A RACE!  
YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN--AND  
MIGHTY QUICK!!

I'M SPEAKING  
FOR TRASK,  
DANIELS! THE  
EXPLANATION  
IS THAT WE  
HAVE A MORE  
SUPERIOR  
CAR THAN  
YOURS!



THAT'S A LIE! YOU CROWDED ME RIGHT OUT  
OF WINNING THE FLAG! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW  
HONEST PEOPLE DEAL WITH GUYS LIKE--UGH...



PEGGY! JIM! DON'T WORRY  
...IT--IT'S NOTHING... JUST A  
LITTLE PAIN IN THE CHEST...

WE'RE TAKING  
YOU HOME  
RIGHT NOW,  
DARLING!!



REMEMBER THIS, COREY--  
YOU ALMOST KILLED MY  
BROTHER! AND I'LL PAY  
YOU BACK FOR IT BECAUSE  
I'LL BE DRIVING HIS CAR AT  
THE PRELIMINARIES!

GO AHEAD!  
YOU'RE REALLY  
SCARING ME,  
KID! HA, HA...





**WEEKS LATER,**  
JIM DANIELS  
WAITED GRIMLY  
FOR THE START-  
ING BUZZER.  
THREE WORRIED  
PEOPLE WERE  
GATHERED AROUND  
HIM--TED, PEGGY,  
AND PAUL JENSEN...

LOOK, JIM...  
FORGET ABOUT  
MY CAR! YOUR  
LIFE COMES  
FIRST!

PAUL'S RIGHT, JIM!  
COREY AND HIS BOYS  
WILL DO **ANYTHING**  
TO PUT THEIR NEW  
CAR DESIGN OVER  
THE FINISH LINE  
FIRST!

THAT'S JUST  
WHY I'M  
RACING!

**WHILE SOME YARDS AWAY...**

JIM DANIELS MAY QUEER UP  
THE WORKS, NORM! THIS RACE  
ISN'T JUST A TEST, ANYMORE!  
THE PRELIMINARY QUALIFIES  
A GUY FOR THE SPEEDWAY  
AND PAYDIRT!

I'LL  
HANDLE  
THAT  
PUNK,  
BOSS!

**THE LINE-UP--A HUNDRED HOPES--QUICKENING  
HEARTS--ELECTRIC SILENCE--AND THEN THE  
STARTING FLAG--!**

THEY'RE OFF!  
HERE THEY GO!

I'VE GOT TO WIN THIS RACE! ALL MY LIFE--  
RACING--AND NOW--THIS IS IT! TED, PEGGY  
--THE REST--DEPENDING ON ME! IT'S NOT  
ONLY FOR THE PURSE--BUT TO BEAT A  
CROOK LIKE COREY!! **I GOTTA WIN!!**

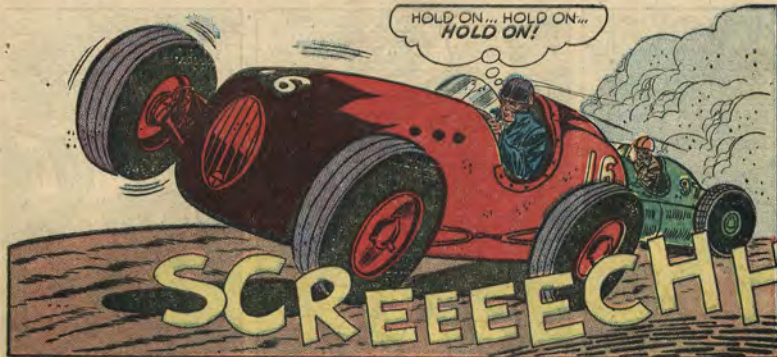


CAR 16--JIM  
DANIELS--THE  
YOUNG DRIVER--  
SHOOTING AHEAD!!



OOOHH! **WATCH OUT!!** HE'S  
ROUNDING THE TURN TOO FAST!!  
HE'S GOING TO CRASH!!





**THE WINNAH!  
JIM DANIELS!**

HE MADE  
IT... WHEW!



**LATER...**

SHEER LUCK,  
DANIELS! I'LL  
LEAVE YOU IN  
THE DUST IN  
THE BIG RACE!

BIG TALK, TRASK!  
THIS RACE QUAL-  
IFIES ME--AND  
YOU'LL FIND OUT  
HOW GOOD  
**YOUR CAR**  
REALLY IS!!



**THAT NIGHT, A BIG CELEBRATION  
IN A LOCAL CLUB--TALK OF THE  
NEXT DAY RACE--AND THEN...**

WILL YOU DANCE  
WITH ME, JIM  
DANIELS!

HUH? I-SURE  
IT ISN'T OFTEN  
PRETTY GIRLS  
ASK A GUY FOR  
A DANCE!!



**SMALL TALK  
ON THE DANCE  
FLOOR,  
PERFUME  
AND THE  
PROMISE OF  
PASSION...  
AND THEN  
--BRASS TACKS!**

OKAY, MISS!  
WHAT DID VINCE  
COREY WANT YOU  
TO TELL ME? AND  
DON'T TELL ME  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW HIM...

ALL RIGHT! I WAS  
SUPPOSED TO LURE  
YOU OUTSIDE WHERE  
THEY'RE WAITING TO  
GIVE YOU A BEATING  
--"ACCIDENTALLY" BUT  
I--I HAD TO WARN  
YOU! PLEASE, MUST  
YOU RACE TOMORROW?



YES--AND FOR  
VERY GOOD  
REASONS! BUT  
I DON'T GET  
YOUR ANGLE,  
MISS--MISS...!

LINDA... LINDA MARSHALL  
COREY HAS SOME  
TRUMPED-UP EVID-  
ENCE AGAINST MY  
FATHER WHO USED  
TO WORK FOR HIM...  
THIS WAS SUPPOSED  
TO EVEN THINGS UP...  
BUT I COULDN'T...



**A HASTY GOOD NIGHT TO FRIENDS, A PRETTY GIRL ON HIS ARM, AND JIM DANIELS WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT-- AND TO DANGER!**

PLEASE, JIM--  
THEY'RE  
DESPERATE!

SHHH,  
LINDA,,  
HERE  
THEY  
COME!!

OKAY, GET  
HIM, GUYS!  
I'LL--OOOFF!

SORRY TO INCONVEN-  
IENCE YOU BOYS--  
BUT IT'S WAY PAST MY  
SLEEPING HOUR!

**MOMENTS LATER...**

HURRY,  
JIM--  
H-HURRY!!

OKAY! GET INTO  
THIS CAB! THEY'RE  
TOO MANY TO KEEP  
DOWN PERMANENTLY  
--BUT THEY LEARNED  
THEIR LESSON!

**A MAD RIDE--SAFETY, MURMURED WORDS,  
SUDDENLY--ROMANCE SWIFT AND BLISSFUL!**

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING,  
BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE QUITE  
A GIRL! AND I'M NOT  
LETTING YOU OUT OF MY  
SIGHT AGAIN!

JIM--  
OH,  
JIM...

CHEE!  
--JUST  
LIKE  
THE  
MOVIES

**THAT  
NEXT DAY,  
THE  
SUSPENSE  
BEGAN!  
ZOOMING  
CARS--  
THOUSANDS  
OF EYES--  
FANTASTIC  
STAKES--  
A SHOUTING  
CROWD!  
THIS WAS THE  
BIG RACE--  
THE SPEED-  
WAY OF  
DREAMS  
--THE  
SPEEDWAY  
OF DEATH!**



AND THAT'S THE WHOLE  
STORY, TED I'VE GOT-  
TEN MY FATHER INTO  
TROUBLE NOW BE-  
CAUSE COREY HAS  
PROBABLY MAILED  
HIS EVIDENCE TO  
THE POLICE! BUT  
I-I COULDN'T  
SEE JIM--!--

DON'T WORRY,  
HONEY! FROM YOUR  
STORY, YOUR DAD  
IS INNOCENT! AND  
I HAVE A FEELING  
THAT HE'S GOING TO  
BE IN A JAM-- AFTER  
THIS RACE!!

**MEANWHILE AT THE RACING PITS...**

I CAN'T GET AHEAD  
OF THAT GUY! HE'S  
RACING LIKE A  
DEMON!

YOU'LL GET AHEAD ALL-  
RIGHT! LOU-- PUT ON THOSE  
SPIKED HUB CAPS! HE'S  
GONNA GET A BLOWOUT--  
**BUT FAST!!**





SEVENTY-EIGHT COMPLETED TURNS -- SEVENTY-NINE-EIGHTY-NINETY-TWO... THE AMOUNT PILED UP--AND WITH EACH TURN--EACH ROARING, ZIG-ZAGGING MACHINE--DEATH FLEW WITH IT--DEATH, SUSPENSE AND HIGH ADVENTURE...

TRASK IS GAINING ON ME!! FASTER--FASTER....



THE DIRTY COLD-BLOODED RAT! SPIKED HUB-CAPS. HE'S TAKING A TERRIBLE CHANCE WITH THE TRACK AUTHORITIES!

LOOK OUT!! OHHHH--THEY'RE CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER!!



JIM DANIELS -- HAS COME IN **FIRST!** NORM TRASK--SECOND--PETE DURSTON--THIRD!



JIM WON! HE WON!

OH, DARLING-- YOU WON--!

NEVER MIND THAT! GET THE POLICE! COREY AND TRASK ARE THROUGH! SPIKED HUB-CAPS ARE THE SAME AS MURDERING A GUY WITH GUNS AND KNIVES IN MY BOOK!!



LATER...

JIM--JIM DEAR, YOU'RE THE GREATEST RACER IN THE COUNTRY!

I'VE WAITED SEVEN YEARS TO HEAR THOSE WORDS, DEAREST!--BUT WHAT MATTERS IS THAT I FOUND YOU! COREY'S FINISHED--YOUR FATHER WILL BE CLEARED I'M SURE --BECAUSE I'LL STICK UP FOR MY WIFE'S POP ANYTIME!



THE END



# Sheet of 100 stamps

- now only \$2.00

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Can be made from any photo, snapshot or negative you have. 100 Gummed Stamps of yourself or anyone you love. A wonderful gift for any occasion, or use PHOTO-Stamps of yourself to personalize your letters, greeting cards, announcements, business stationery or ANYTHING you choose.



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Your photo will be returned unharmed. . . you get a sheet of 100 glossy prints with gummed backs and perforated like a sheet of postage stamps.

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find one two three "originals" from which please make 100 PHOTO-Stamps of each at \$2.00 per hundred stamps.

Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ as payment.

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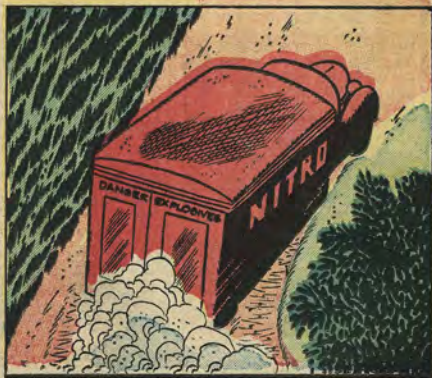


YOU'RE THE DRIVER OF A LARGE TRAILER-TRUCK SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY. ONE SMALL BUMP, ONE SLIGHT JAR, AND THE CARGO YOU CARRY MIGHT BLAST YOU SKY HIGH! YOU CAN NEVER RELAX. YOU'RE NOT DOING IT FOR THE MONEY... BUT YOU'RE PLAINLY STICKING OUT YOUR NECK! THEN COMES A THUMP THUMP THUMPING AND YOU KNOW THAT IT'S A LOOSE CASE OF...

# NITRO-GLYCERINE



**BLOWOUT!! HOLD ON POP!**  
WE'RE GONNA STOP ---  
PRETTY ROUGH!







STEVE WINTER'S LOOKED AT HIS CO-DRIVER AND CROWY, POP TAYLOR, THE LATTER WASN'T FEELING TOO WELL. NOR WAS HE FOR THAT MATTER! IT WAS A MIRACLE THEY WERE STILL ALIVE! IT WAS A MIRACLE THEY COULD TALK SO SOON...

POP! YOU ALL RIGHT? I-THOUGHT WE'D BE GONERS! I'M STILL SHAKY!

STEVE... THAT NITRO BACK THERE SHOULD HAVE BLOWN US SKY-HIGH, BUT IT DIDN'T! THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS! NOW LET'S GET OUT AND FIX THAT TIRE!



HOURS LATER AT THE PLANT, REPORTING IN WITH THEIR CARGO, STEVE AND POP'S STAGGERED OUT THROUGH THE EXIT, THEIR HAZARDOUS TASK DONE, THE PRETTY GIRL WAITING OUTSIDE, RAN FORWARD TO MEET THEM...

OH DAD... DAD... YOU'RE BACK AGAIN! I ALMOST WENT CRAZY WITH WORRY WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME IN ON SCHEDULE!

THERE... THERE, GINNY, WE WERE JUST DELAYED A BIT! YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE.



HEY, DUMPLING! REMEMBER ME?

STEVE DARLING... PLEASE DON'T JOKE WITH ME THIS TIME! I... I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO QUIT YOUR JOBS RIGHT NOW! THE EXTRA PAY ISN'T WORTH IT! MY FATHER, AND MY FIANCE 'NITRO-NURSES? IT'S NOT FAIR TO ME!



SURE, GINNY! GIVE IT TO 'EM! MAKE 'EM QUIT! MOLLY FELT THE SAME WAY FOR WE GOT MARRIED, THAT WAS SOME THREE YEARS AGO! WELL... I'LL BE DOING WHAT SHE WANTS AFTER THIS HAUL!



LARRY, YOU OL' WAR HORSE! CONGRATULATIONS! HEY! YOU GONNA OPEN A BANK WITH ALL OF THAT DINERO YOU MADE? HA, HA, HA, HA!



GET HIM! LISTEN, SON! THAT DOUGH WENT LIKE WATER, WHAT WITH THE KID, HOUSE, DOCTOR-BILLS, AND SUCH! BUT I FINALLY NETTED MYSELF A DESK-JOB! SO LONG, FOLKS! SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS

THIS ONLY BOLSTERED GINNY'S ARGUMENT! THE TWO TRUCKERS WALKED TOWARDS HER CAR, JOKING AND LISTENING TO HER HALF HEARTEDLY ABOUT QUITTING, WHEN...

GOOD HEAVENS! W-WHAT WAS THAT?





IT'S TOO SMALL A NOISE TO BE A PLANT POP-OFF! SO IT'S GOT TO BE...

...A TRUCK! AND NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE! COME ON!



MINUTES LATER, STEVE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARRIVED ON A SCENE ETCHED WITH HORROR! ALREADY A LARGE CROWD HAD FORMED. THEY WERE MET BY THEIR BOSS HANK LANE...

WHO... WHO WAS IT, HANK?

LARRY BAYLISS! I WAS SITTING IN MY OFFICE WRITING OUT THE SCHEDULES, WHEN I HEARD IT! IT'S PRETTY BAD, STEVE! IT'S A WONDER HE'S STILL ALIVE!



BUCK UP, LARRY! YOU'LL BE O.K. IN NO TIME! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

EVERYTHING FINE... JUST LIKE DOZENS O' TIMES BEFORE... LIT A MATCH... EXPLOSION... FUNNY THOUGH... SMELLED GASOLINE FIRST... I MY WIFE... TELL HER I... LOVE... OHHHH...



HE'S DEAD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE WERE TALKING TO HIM MINUTES AGO...

YEAH! THAT'S TOO BAD! THAT'S REAL TOUGH!



THE MEN WHIRLED AROUND AT THE SOUND OF THE VOICE. FRANK CORWIN, THEIR HATED RIVAL, HEAD OF ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS NITRO-DELIVERY OUTFITS IN THE ENTIRE TERRITORY!

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE ON PRIVATE GROUNDS, CORWIN!

JUST PASSING BY, LANE! LOOKS LIKE I'LL GET THAT GOVERNMENT CONTRACT NOW, WHAT WITH YOUR BOY OUTTA COMMISSION! HA!



GET OUT, YOU LEECHING SKUNK... AND TAKE THOSE CHEAP HOODS WITH YOU!

NO ONE CALLS MY BOSS NAMES, PALLY! I'LL... OOOFFFF!

YOU'LL DO NOTHING!

WE'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE SECONDS TO TAKE OFF, BIG MOUTH! THREE SECONDS... OR WE'LL TAR AND FEATHER YOU CHARACTER'S WITH PLEASURE!

OKAY, TOUGH-GUY! BUT REMEMBER THIS! I'LL EVEN THE SCORE ONE DAY WITH ALL OF YOU! AND ONE MORE THING! THAT CONTRACT NOW HAPPENS TO BE MINE! DON'T CROSS ME!





IS THAT TRUE... ABOUT THE CONTRACT, HANK?

PARTLY, STEVE! LARRY AS OUR SENIOR DRIVER, WAS TO RACE ONE OF CORWIN'S DRIVER'S TO THE ARMY PLANT WITH A CARGE CARGO OF NITRO AND THE FIRST ONE THERE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IT. NOW, WELL...

WELL... WHAT? POP AND I ARE WILLING TO MAKE A TRY AT IT! NOW ABOUT IT, HANK? LARRY'S WIDOW COULD SURE USE THE DOUGH!

OKAY, STEVE! I GUESS I'D HAVE ASKED YOU IF YOU HADN'T ASKED ME! GET PLENTY OF SLEEP! I'LL CALL THE REFEREES NOW AND EXPLAIN IT ALL!

LISTENING TO THEM, HOWEVER, WAS A PLANTED STOOGES OF CORWIN, AND AN HOUR LATER AT THE RIVAL TRUCKERS' OFFICE...



I'M SURE, BOSS! THERE STARTIN' OUT AROUND 5:15 IN THE MORNING! YEAH, THAT JOB WAS WASTED ON BAYLISS...

FIX UP THOSE #\*%\*%S UNDERSTAND! FIX 'EM UP REAL GOOD! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A RACE FOR THEIR MONEY!



AND LATER THAT NIGHT...

I'LL FIX 'EM ALL RIGHT! A TRUCKER USES HIS BRAKES 'BOUT A HUNDRED TIMES ON A SHORT HAUL. FIFTY PUSHES ON THESE BRAKES... AND BLOOEY... HIS WHOLE BRAKE LINES GONNA GIVE! HA... HA!



MORNING... A SMALL GROUP SILENTLY WATCH ED WINTER'S GET INTO THE TRUCK...

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS TO THE COMPANY STEVE! WIN THE RACE... AND YOU'LL BE PROMOTED TO A SUPERVISOR'S JOB! THAT'S WHAT LARRY WAS GUNNING FOR! GOOD LUCK!

POP AND I WILL DO OUR BEST, HANK! THANKS!



DARLING... I... I DON'T CARE HOW THIS TURNS OUT! ALL I WANT IS THAT YOU AND FATHER COME BACK TO ME! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

THAT'S A PROMISE, HONEY! WHAT WOULD I EVER DO WITHOUT YOUR KISSES? DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE BACK!



THE RACE HAD BEGUN! FROM TWO DIFFERENT ROUTES WOULD COME TWO MONSTER TRAILER-TRUCKS WITH A CARGO OF NITROGLYCERINE, EACH RACING TOWARDS A RENDEZVOUS POINT ONLY ONE COULD MAKE! THE STAKES WERE HIGH AND CARELESSNESS MEANT DEATH!





HOURS FLED BY... AND ALWAYS THAT CONSTANT DRIVING... ALWAYS CAUTIOUS, STEADY SPEED UNTIL...

THAT'S CORWIN'S LOAD, POP! SHE'S BEATEN US TO THE HIGHWAY! ONLY ONE THING TO DO! WE'RE GOING TO **PASS** 'EM!



DON'T BE FOOLISH, SON! WE'RE DOING SIXTY NOW! WITH A FULL CARGO THAT MEANS SUICIDE TO TRY TO BETTER OUR SPEED! WE'LL GET OUR CHANCE LATER!

THEY'LL **NEVER** GIVE US ANOTHER CHANCE, POP! HOLD ON! **HERE WE GO!**



THOSE RATS ARE TRYING TO FREEZE US ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!

**WATCH OUT, THERE'S A CAR COMING!**



WHEW! I'M GETTIN' OLD, STEVE! I-I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE LIKE THAT!

YOU AN' ME BOTH! BUT AT LEAST... WE'RE OUT IN **FRONT!**



STEVE...! DO YOU HEAR IT?

**HOLY SMOKE** A NITRO CASE IS LOOSE!!

I'VE GOT THE WHEEL! GET BACK THERE AND DO SOMETHING! RUBBER CASE OR NO, THAT THING WILL BUST A CRATER IN THIS ROAD SOME TWENTY FEET DEEP!

HOW WELL I KNOW IT! OH... OH... IT'S REACHED THE EDGE OF THE MOORING...



THANK GOD I CAUGHT IT IN TIME!





MORE HOURS OF TWISTING AND TURNING. MORE MINUTES OF SHEER TORTURE, OF CONSTANT BRAKING AND SWEATING IT OUT AS MILE AFTER MILE SPED BY, AND FINALLY THEIR DESTINATION. ONLY A HILL WAS LEFT... ONE LARGE HILL...

I THOUGHT SPIKE FIXED THEIR BRAKE HOSE! NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET! CORWIN WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!

RELAX, NITWIT! THEIR BRAKE-LINE JUST RIPPED ON THAT LAST TURN!



CLOSER AND CLOSER CAME THE TWO TRUCKS, THE SECOND ONE OVERTAKING THE FIRST! NOW THEY WERE NECK AND NECK, POISED ON THE BRINK OF THE MONSTER HILL!

SO LONG, SUCKERS! YOU GUYS GOT A ONE WAY TICKET TO THE MORGUE! CORWIN DON'T GIVE UP EASILY! SPECIALLY WHEN WE GOT SUCH NICE, SAFE BRAKES 'N YOU AINT! HA.. HA.. HA..

STEVE! CUT THE ENGINE! DID YOU HEAR THAT? **CUT THE ENGINE!!**



I-I CAN'T! THE TRUCK WON'T STOP! WE HAVE NO BRAKES! THEY'VE BEEN **CUT!!**



HA-HA-HA-HA-HA



PUT 'ER INTO REVERSE! THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT A HOLD OF THE SAFETY BRAKE!! UGGHHH...



YOU'VE WON THAT WAS THE MOST DANGEROUS RACE I'VE EVER SEEN.

MAJOR, I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE



WAIT, STEVE! YOU'RE A SUPERVISOR NOW.. AN OFFICIAL OF THE COMPANY! LEAVE THEM FOR THE COPS!

LET THE POLICE TAKE CARE OF CORWIN AND THE REST OF HIS BOYS! AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH THESE TWO, THEY'LL SING PLENTY! AND POP.. CALL UP GINNY... TELL HER WE'RE BACK!



THE END



Corporal Jose Gomez had just arrived in Korea and his first impression of the soggy, mud-clogged roads was an expressive "This place is for the birds."

Glumly, he stared at the massive lumps of stinking mud that clung to his combat boots like some odious growth. Slowly, he drew his bayonet to carve some of the mess from his feet.

"Corporal Gomez," growled an unseen voice from the interior of a tent. "Get in here on the double."

"Aw, drop dead, Egghead," muttered Gomez to himself, aloud he responded with a snappy "Aye Aye," and stepped swiftly into the tent.

"Gomez," snarled the Chief of Section, thrusting a 35MM motion picture camera into the corporal's hands. "You've been beating your gums about wanting some action. Here's an 'eyemo'. Go find the Fifth and

shoot anything that moves."

"Anything?" questioned Gomez, cocking an eyebrow.

"You heard me. I want some good combat footage," replied the sergeant. "And you're the best cameraman in the Marine Corps... so you say."

"Check, Sarge," grinned the diminutive corporal, "now ya got the right scoop."

"Shove off, Knucklehead," bellowed the gruff Chief of Section. "Don't come back without that footage."

Corporal Gomez turned and left the tent, a grin spreading across his face as he heard the sergeant mutter softly, "Take care of yourself, Kid."

Picking up some extra loads for his camera, the Marine photographer made his way to the swampy mire that was the road. A continuous line of vehicles streamed northward through the stinking rivers of mud, and at

# COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

BY TECH. SGT. C. F. X. HOUTS-CORRESPONDENT

each driver, Gomez hurled the same question: "Hey, Mac, you going to the Fifth Marines?"

And the answers floated back from behind a spray of mud.

"Nah, I'm artillery, Eleventh Marines."

"Sorry, kid, this is the Seventh."

"Come on, Flash. I'll give you a ride," a six by six rumbled to a halt alongside the mud-splattered Gomez.

"Thanks a lot, buddy," shouted the young corporal as he swung into the seat beside the driver.

"Don't thank me, kid," grinned the other Marine. "You've just volunteered for an unloading detail."

For a while the two Leathernecks rode in silence broken only by an occasional curse as the driver fought the wheel to keep the heavily laden truck on the mud-submerged road. Gomez lighted two cigarettes and handed one to the driver.

"How's things in your sector?" he asked.

"Pretty quiet right now," replied the other, inhaling deeply and blowing forth a huge

cloud of cigaret smoke. "Tell ya what, kid... get up on the roof and ride gun for me and I'll let ya off that unloading detail. Lots of snipers in this area."

"Ding Hao," cried the photographer with an enthusiasm that brought a look of astonishment to the driver's face. "I've yet to knock off my first Red."

But if Gomez had expected to shoot Communists, he was disappointed that day. After a few miles of uneventful bumping and sliding, the truck drew to a standstill beside a crude sign.

"This is it, kid," shouted the driver. "That's the Fifth's CP."

"Thanks, Mac," answered the corporal, swinging down to stand in the knee-deep mud. An anguished look of dismay came to Gomez's eyes as he surveyed the area. An exhausted runner paused for a moment to watch the cameraman's actions.

"Hey, buddy," called the runner, "if you're looking for the Photo Section, it's right behind the CP."

"Thanks, ace," replied Gomez, as the other



Marine entered one of the tents which formed the regimental command post.

Gathering up his gear, Gomez moved to the rear of the CP to find a group of pup tents. A Marine, stripped to the waist, was washing clothes in his steel helmet as the cameraman approached.

"Hey, Joey," called Corporal Gomez, "who's in charge of this lash-up?"

"I am, Corporal," the big Marine rose to his feet, a smile on his face as Gomez stuttered in confusion.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't..."

"Whoa, back her down, buddy," roared the sergeant, his hearty laughter bringing a head to the opening of a nearby pup tent. "I'm Master Sergeant Glenn Anderson but everyone calls me 'Pappy'. You must be from Grosky's outfit... how is the old bulldog?"

"He's okay," grinned Gomez with relief. "He ordered me to find the Fifth and get some footage."

"Wait'll I finish here and we'll find you a place to sleep. Nothing much going on up here right now."

"How's about setting up some shots? We could fake a battle and..."

"Down, boy," laughed Sergeant Anderson, hanging several pairs of socks across the top of a pup tent. "Take a strain, kid. You'll get action and plenty of it."

Shortly, Corporal Gomez found himself installed in a tent with another corporal. The other Marine, a lanky still-photographer from Texas, greeted him with a roar.

"Okay, the rest of you bulb-burners can go home now," he shouted. "Young Jose Gomez has come to shoot this war."

"Someone has to get some good pix," replied the doughty Gomez. "Ain't seen anything worthwhile out of you guys yet."

Amid a howl of derision, the young corporal hauled off his mud-caked shoes to crawl gratefully into his sleeping bag only to be immediately called out again by Pappy Anderson.

"Hey, tiger," bellowed the sergeant, "get out here. I want to show you our main line of resistance."

"That's my meat," answered Gomez, pushing his feet into his combat boots. "Wait'll I get my 'eyemo'."

Soon the two Leathernecks were trudging down the road to the MLR. Groups of Marines, their face showing the ravages of combat, called greetings to big Sergeant Anderson, and he seemed to know them all by name as he called back to the infantrymen.

"Take a look down those slopes," said Pappy, pointing toward the shell-torn terrain before the Marine position. "That area is all rigged with trip-flares set up by patrols. If an enemy comes within two thousand yards of this position, he's bound to trip a flare..."

then all hell breaks loose. There ain't anything out there but Communists."

Suddenly, Pappy shoved his companion into a nearby fox hole.

"Down, kid. Keep your head down," ordered the big sergeant.

"What's happening?" asked Gomez, trying to peer over the sergeant's protecting shoulder.

"Mortar barrage," snapped the other.

"What? Let me get my camera rolling," shouted Gomez, trying to scramble to his feet.

"Knock it off, hero," growled Pappy, "or I'll ram that camera down your throat."

Even as he spoke, the first Communist mortar shells exploded on the Marine position. Blast after blast rocked the area, sending huge spouts of stinking mud and deadly chunks of steel flying everywhere. Then, from some hidden position behind them, came the counter fire of a Marine mortar section.

For a while, the furious mortar duel raged savagely, then suddenly all was still. Somewhere, almost startlingly, a bird began to sing.

"Okay, Gomez," Pappy Anderson struggled to his feet and helped Gomez up. "It's all over."

"Why didn't you let me get some footage?" demanded the cameraman, indignantly. "You guys are too worried about your own skin to..."

"Hold it, chicken," interrupted the big sergeant. "I've got something else to show you." Pappy Anderson led the still sputtering Gomez to a spot where a Navy Corpsman was busy with a casualty.

For a moment, Gomez stared at the withering figure covered by a camouflaged Marine poncho, and suddenly, overcome with curiosity, lifted the gayly patterned rain cape.

Gomez's face was a study of emotions as he viewed the shrapnel-torn figure lying in the blood-stained mud. Even as Pappy watched, the cameraman's hands shook, and suddenly forcing the "eyemo" into his sergeant's hands, Gomez turned away and was sick.

"Come on, Gomez," snarled the sergeant in an attempt to snap the corporal out of his shakes. "This is combat. Let's get that 'eyemo' rolling."

Reluctantly, Gomez set up his equipment and with nerveless fingers started operations. Pappy Anderson shook his head, regretfully. He knew Gomez was "shook." He'd never be a combat photographer. Gently, he removed the camera from the corporal's unprotesting fingers and led him back to their own section.

Corporal Jose Gomez tried to take good stuff but always there appeared before him that torn form under a blood-stained poncho. His attempts to produce combat footage afterwards were followed with the report from the lab in Washington... SHAKY.





IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE SEASURF BECAME A STEEL COFFIN FORTY FATHOMS DOWN. THIRTY FIVE TRAPPED MEN HAD BUT A SINGLE HOPE: THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON THE NAVY DIVERS. IN THEIR HANDS WAS LIFE OR COLD...

# DEEP DEATH



by PETE MORISI

IT WAS TO BE HER LAST TRIAL DIVE WITH A SKELETON CREW. THUS, THE NEWLY BUILT SEASURF HAD ABOARD ONLY THIRTY FIVE OF HER FULL COMPLEMENT OF FIFTY-SIX MEN. HER DIESELS THROBBED RHYTHMICALLY AND DREW GREAT BREATHS THROUGH THE HUGE AIR INDUCTION FUNNEL JUST AHEAD THE BRIDGE.

ON THE BRIDGE THE SEASURF'S COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PAUL NAGEL, STOOD ENTHRALLED BY THE RHYTHMIC POWER OF THE VESSEL. THEN HE TURNED TO ENSIGN JOHN BENTON WHO WAS BESIDE HIM.

RIG FOR DIVING, BENTON.

LIEUTENANT NAGEL WENT BELOW ONE BY ONE HIS ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT. NOW ALL LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL BOARD ...THE "CHRISTMAS TREE"... WERE GREEN... ALL VENTS AND VALVES WERE CLOSED.





EVERYTHING WAS READY. THE DIESELS WERE SHUT OFF AND THE VESSEL NOW SWITCHED TO HER ELECTRIC MOTORS, FED BY GREAT STORAGE BATTERIES, THE SEASURF HAD BEGUN HER DIVE.



AT FIFTY FEET NAGEL LOOKED UP FROM HIS STOP WATCH AND GRINNED AT LIEUTENANT HARVEY KANE, SECOND IN COMMAND...

A NICE DIVE, HARVEY. PREPARE TO LEVEL OFF.

YES, SIR.



THE CREW SETTLED DOWN TO ITS ROUTINE. UNDER THE ENGINE ROOM WERE THE ELECTRIC MOTORS AND THE BATTERY PITS. ELECTRICIANS STARTED CHECKING THE BATTERIES IN THE STERN...



AS THE SUBMARINE LEVELED OFF LIEUTENANT NAGEL TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE PERISCOPE. HE WAS A CONTENTED MAN THAT DAY. HE COMMANDED THE NATION'S NEWEST SUBMARINE, AND WHEN THE TESTS WERE OVER HE WOULD MARRY NAN HOLIDAY, QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR A MAN NOT YET THIRTY.



WHAT WAS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR!



TAKE 'ER UP, SIR! THE INDUCTION VALVES ARE OPEN! THE ENGINE ROOM IS FLOODING FAST!!

GOOD HEAVENS!





THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS SENT THE SEA FLOODING INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. FRANTICALLY THE MEN WORKED AT THE HAND LEVERS...

I CAN MAKE IT!



IMMEDIATELY NAGEL ISSUED THE ORDER TO BLOW OUT ALL BALLAST. THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COMPRESSED AIR ROARED AND WHIPPED OUT THE WATER OF THE BALLAST TANKS....



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... THE MEN OF THE ENGINE ROOM LEFT THEIR STATIONS AND RUSHED FOR THE WATERTIGHT DOOR TO THE FORWARD GALLEY. STRAINING EVERY QUINCE OF STRENGTH THEY HELD THE DOOR AGAINST THE WATER'S WEIGHT...

HURRY! HURRY! SHE'S GOING DOWN!



AND ONE STEP AHEAD OF DEATH THE MEN FROM THE ENGINE AND MOTOR ROOMS REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM....





**BUT THE GRIM TRUTH SOON MADE ITSELF KNOWN WITH SICKENING FINALITY. COMPRESSED AIR COULD NOT OFFSET THE RUSHING IN OF THE WATER, AND THE SEASURF STERN FIRST SLID TO THE BOTTOM, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE!**



**ALL FROM THE STERN WERE ACCOUNTED FOR. NOW LIEUTENANT NAGEL PLACED THE PHONE HEADPIECE ON HIS HEAD. ALTHOUGH THE LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURN OFF TO PREVENT DISASTER, THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM RAN BY SEPARATE BATTERIES... NAGEL CALLED THE FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM...**



**ALL SAFE HERE, SIR. ALL DRY. ALL'S WELL. FORWARD BATTERY ROOM!**

**HAVE BATTERY ROOM MEN MOVE INTO THE TORPEDO ROOM. WET BATTERIES CAN FORM CHLORINE GAS.**

**ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THIRTY-FIVE MEN WAITED THE ENDLESS HOURS IN THE BITTER COLD, WITH ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY OF AIR, WOULD RESCUE COME? AND IF RESCUERS REACHED THEM... WHAT THEN? THE NAVY HAD ACTED QUICKLY WHEN THE SEASURF DID NOT RETURN. NAVY VESSELS AND PLANES SEARCHED THE SEA, FOUND THE FLARES SHOT UP BY THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. NOW THE SALVAGE SHIP LONE EAGLE FLOWED THE SEAS.**



**IT WAS 11:00 A.M. OF THE MORNING FOLLOWING THE SINKING THAT THE LONE EAGLE ANCHORED NEAR THE FLARES THAT HAD BEEN SENT UP DEEP LINES OF WORRY WERE ETCHED IN THE FACE OF FRANK S. BENTON, THE LONE EAGLE'S COMMANDER.**

**YOU GO DOWN FIRST, OWEN. THEN YOU, HUGHES. TRY TO MAKE SOME KIND OF CONTACT.**

**WE'LL USE MORSE CODE WITH A LEAD HAMMER. IF THEY SENT FLARES UP, SOME WERE SAFE.**



**LATER THERE WOULD BE MANY EXPERT DIVERS ON THE SCENE. BUT TODAY THE BURDEN RESTED ON FOUR MEN. GEORGE HUGHES, YOUNGEST, 22, HAD NEVER BEEN IN DEEP WATER, NOT IN TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET. COULD HE STAND IT?**



**I'VE GOT TO! I'VE GOT TO STAND IT! THEY NEED JONES AND M'ANDREWS FOR THE DIVING BELL!**

**HUGHES' HEAD THROBBED. HE FELT SICK. HE WONDERED IF HE WOULD BE ABLE TO STAY. ONLY THE THOUGHT OF TRAPPED MEN KEPT HIM GOING. HE DIDN'T SEE OWEN, WHO HAD GONE DOWN FIRST. HE COULD SEE LITTLE OF ANYTHING. HIS LIGHT GLOWED ONLY DIMLY THROUGH THE MURKY WATER. THEN HE FELT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET...**





HUGHES PHONED TO THE SURFACE. HE WAS ON THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. HE COULD NOT SEE OWENS, BUT HE COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HIS HAMMER TAPPING ON THE DECK, INSTINCTIVELY HE COULD SEE THE MASS OF THE CONNING TOWER. HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG, TAPPING MORSE CODE, ONE STRIKE FOR A DOT, TWO FOR A DASH...



THROUGH MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF ANXIOUS WAITING THE ME IN THE SEASERF COULD ONLY HOPE AND BELIEVE... WITH THE FAITH OF NAVY MEN IN THE NAVY... THEN SOUND CAME TO THEIR EARS... TAR... TAR... TAP-TAP... THEN...

**THANK GOD!**



ARE YOU OK? LONE  
EAGLE TOP SIDE

OWENS, ON THE BOTTOM, HAD RIGGED A SOUNDING BOUY TO THE SEASERF. NOW THE LONE EAGLE'S SIGNAL MAN HEARD THE TAP-TAP OF NAGEL'S REPLY



OK BUT COLD AND  
AIR FOUL

GUIDING WIRES TO THE SUBMARINE WERE FASTENED DOWN BY HUGHES AND OWEN, THEN AT LAST...





LIKE A GREAT PLANET SINKING IN THE SEA THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL DROPPED SLOWLY INTO SIGHT OF HUGHES AND OWEN.

OKAY TOPSIDE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.



THE WORK OF HUGHES AND OWEN WAS COMPLETE. NOW, INSIDE THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL, ED M'ANDREWS WORKED THE AIR PRESSURE VALVES.

THE NECK IS RIGHT OVER THE HATCH, ED. RAISE THE AIR PRESSURE NOW AND WE'LL BLOW THE WATER FROM THE LOWER COMPARTMENT!

OKAY, SAM... HERE IT GOES!



OPENING THE DOOR IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCAPE BELL, JONES LET HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE LOWER COMPARTMENT... ON THE VERY TOP OF THE SEASERP'S DECK... TREMENDOUS PRESSURE KEPT THE GREAT RUBBER GASKET TIGHT AGAINST THE SUBMARINE...

I'LL LOCK HER DOWN AND OPEN THE HATCH NOW, ED.

SURE HOPE WERE NOT TOO LATE!



AND THEN...

HOW'S THE WEATHER DOWN THERE?

WHO COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT BUT THE NAVY! NEEDLESS TO SAY YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!



THE FIRST LOAD WAS ON IT'S WAY UP SEVEN MEN BESIDES JONES AND M'ANDREWS. THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH. THEY HAD BEEN TOO CLOSE TO DEATH TO FEEL ELATED, THERE WAS JUST THE THANKFULNESS THAT SHOWED IN THEIR FACES, AND THE LOOK OF RELAXATION...



THEN THE FIRST SURVIVORS REACHED THE DECK. THE DEEP LINES OF COMMANDER FRANK BENTON'S FACE STRETCHED INTO A BROAD SMILE. IT WAS THEN AND ONLY THEN THAT THE CREW OF THE LONE EAGLE REALIZED...

MY BOY! MY BOY!

DAD! IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU! I WONDERED IF I EVER WOULD AGAIN!



FOUR TRIPS WERE MADE, THEN ON THE FIFTH, WITH THE LAST OF THE SURVIVORS, IT HAPPENED... ONE OF THE GUIDED CABLES SNAPPED...





OWEN WAS TO START SALVAGE WORK ON THE NEXT DAY. HE HAD GONE BELOW. ON DECK WAS ONLY THE YOUNGSTER GEORGE HUGHES...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AGAIN, GEORGE. TRY TO UNSNARL THAT GUIDE WIRE, WE CAN'T RAISE THE BELL!



DOWN AND DOWN... UNTIL HE REACHED THE GREAT BELL THAT HELD NINE LIVES, HUGHES STRUGGLED AGAINST THE PRESSURE, AND AGAINST THE PHYSICAL STRAIN... AND AGAINST THE TANGLED MESS OF CABLES...

SHE WON'T BUDGE, TOPSIDE. I CAN'T MOVE THE CABLE!!



THE MEN ABOVE WERE AT A POINT OF DECISION. DARED THEY CUT THE OTHER CABLE AND LET THE BELL SWING FREE? COULD THE SINGLE STRAND HOLD THE WEIGHT UNTIL THE MEN COULD ESCAPE? THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER. A KNIFE WAS LET DOWN TO HUGHES... A POWER WINCH TURNED...

THAT DID IT, TOPSIDE!



MY SUITS TORN!  
MY SUITS TORN!



THERE WAS NO TIME TO ALLOW FOR RECOMPRESSION. IN A MOMENT HUGHES WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED TO JELLY BY THE AWFUL PRESSURE BELOW. THEY HAULED HIM UP...

QUICK! GET HIM TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER!



HUGHES WAS HURRIED TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER ABOARD THE LONE EAGLE. ONLY PROMPT ACTION COULD SAVE HIM FROM DEATH... OR CRIPPLING PARALYSIS FROM THE DREADED BENDS; FINALLY... THE LAST OF THE MEN BOARDED THE RESCUE VESSEL...

THE WORK OF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY, COMMANDER BENTON. NOT A MAN LOST!

AND NOW IF I COULD ASK ONE MORE FAVOR, I'D LIKE TO PUT THROUGH A CALL ON THE SHIP TO SHORE PHONE.

OF COURSE



YOU SEE I'M TO BE MARRIED... AND I WANT TO TELL MY FIANCEE THAT THERE'LL BE NO CHANGE IN PLANS!



SALVAGE OF THE SEASERF WAS TO TAKE MONTHS OF GRUPELLING WORK AND DANGER. BUT A FEW WEEKS LATER THE CREW OF BOTH THE LONE EAGLE AND THE SEASERF FOUND TIME TO ATTEND LIEUTENANT NAGLE'S WEDDING TO NAIL HOLIDAY. AND ONE OF THE US'ERS AT THE WEDDING WAS GEORGE HUGHES, THROUGH WHOSE COURAGE AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WEDDING WAS MADE POSSIBLE.

THE END



# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of other-wise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they *want to!*

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

## TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!  
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

# UGLY BLACKHEADS out in Seconds with VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



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10 DAY  
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WE HEARD ABOUT  
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Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.



BEYOND THE POWER, BEYOND THE SPEED FASTER THAN SOUND, BEYOND THE DANGER, DEATH WAS LURKING SOMEWHERE IN THE JET'S THOUSANDS OF PARTS. AND JACK CORNELL HAD THE CONTRACT TO PILOT HER IN...

# JET TEST



CHARLEY BONDY TOOK THE FIRST ONE UP. SHE WAS A HONEY, SLEEK AND TRIM, WITH HER JET ENGINES ROARING THEIR CHALLENGE TO GRAVITY! CHARLEY HAD WATCHED HER FROM THE DRAWING BOARD TO THE FINISHED PRODUCT. NOW HE THRILLED TO HER PERFORMANCE.

THESE TEST FLIGHTS ALWAYS GIVE ME THE JITTERS!

NOT THIS BABY, THIS JET'S A SURE THING! YOU'LL SEE!



UP AND UP ROARED THE JET. UNTIL BONDY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE ALTIMETER. SHE WAS UP TO FORTY THOUSAND FEET AND STILL CLIMBING...



AT FORTY-THREE THOUSAND FEET THE CRAFT REACHED HER CEILING, AND BALKED, FALLING BACK, SLIPPING AND WHIPPING CRAZILY ABOUT... LIKE A MAPLE LEAF SWEEPED BY THE FALL WINDS...





THEN SHE NOSED DOWNWARD AND IN THE GRIP OF GRAVITY WENT HURLING STRAIGHT DOWN!... UNTIL IN HER AWFUL SPEED SHE BROKE THE SOUND BARRIER, AND THE ROUGHLY DISPLACED AIR HAMMERED HER SIDES LIKE A GIANT HYDRAULIC PRESS...



DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN IN A STRAIGHT LINE, WHILE, NERVELESS CHARLEY BONDY JOTTED NOTES...



THERE CAME THE MOMENT OF LEVELING OFF. THEN, IF EVER, BONDY'S LIFE DEPENDED ON THE MANUFACTURER, AS THE CRAFT BROKE FROM THE PERPENDICULAR FLIGHT, THE WEIGHT OF BOTH MAN AND MACHINE INCREASED TEN TIMES...



THEN-- THE INTERCEPTOR SHUDDERED IN MID-AIR, AND THE WINGS CRUMBLED LIKE PAPER! SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT!



FROM THAT MOMENT THERE WAS NO CONTROL OF THE JET. BONDY STRUGGLED TO JUMP BUT HE COULD NOT MOVE...







IT WAS JACK CORNELL, FAMOUS TEST PILOT, WHO TOOK THE CONTRACT FOR ANOTHER TEST OF A NEW INTERCEPTOR. HIS FIRST ACT WAS TO CONFER WITH MILTON REDFAN, THE CHIEF ENGINEER...



I WANT TO START THE JOB AT THE BEGINNING, REDFAN, GO THROUGH THE WHOLE PAPER JOB.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK, CORNELL.

YOU TEST PILOTS EXPECT TOO MUCH OF A MACHINE. IT WOULD NEVER NEED THOSE REQUIREMENTS IN A THOUSAND BATTLES...

YOU ONCE TOLD ME YOU WERE FORMERLY A TEST PILOT YOURSELF. ALL I CAN SAY, REDFAN, IS THAT YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ONE!

CORNELL FORGOT REDFAN AFTER THAT, FORGOT EVERYTHING BUT THE DEVILISH DYNAMO OF DEATH ENCLOSED IN SLEEK METAL. HE HAD WATCHED HER GROW FROM DRAWING BOARD TO ASSEMBLY LINE AND HAD CHECKED EVERY STEP OF HER DEVELOPMENT.



SHE'S A HONEY! LISTEN TO THAT MOTOR!



**JACK CORNELL REMOVED THE BLOCKS FROM THE WHEELS AND TAXIED BACK AND FORTH, ACROSS THE FIELD.**



**THEN AT LAST, AFTER HOURS OF GROUND RUNNING, CORNELL TOOK THE CRAFT TO THE RUNWAY...**

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BABY I DON'T LIKE.



I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT IS REDFAN, I CAN'T PUT A FINGER ON IT. BUT I GET A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT. MAYBE THE WINGS...

IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION. MY FIGURES DON'T LIE AND I DESIGNED THAT WING CONSTRUCTION THE WINGS STAY AS THEY ARE!



**A TEST PILOT, AMONG OTHER THINGS, MUST BE TACTFUL. AND JACK CORNELL USED EVERY IOTA OF REASON WITHIN HIM. THEN...**



YOU'RE TRYING TO DISCREDIT ME, CORNELL, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! THAT JET STAYS AS IT IS!



**CORNELL HAD A SIXTH SENSE HUNCH AND HIS HUNCHES NEVER LET HIM DOWN, SO HE DID SOMETHING HE'D NEVER DONE BEFORE...**

GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME!

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY! THEN YOU'RE GOING UP, TOO!



THIS IS YOUR LAST CONTRACT, CORNELL, WITH THIS OR ANY OTHER COMPANY!

I'M TAKING MY CHANCES! NOW UP - YOU GO!

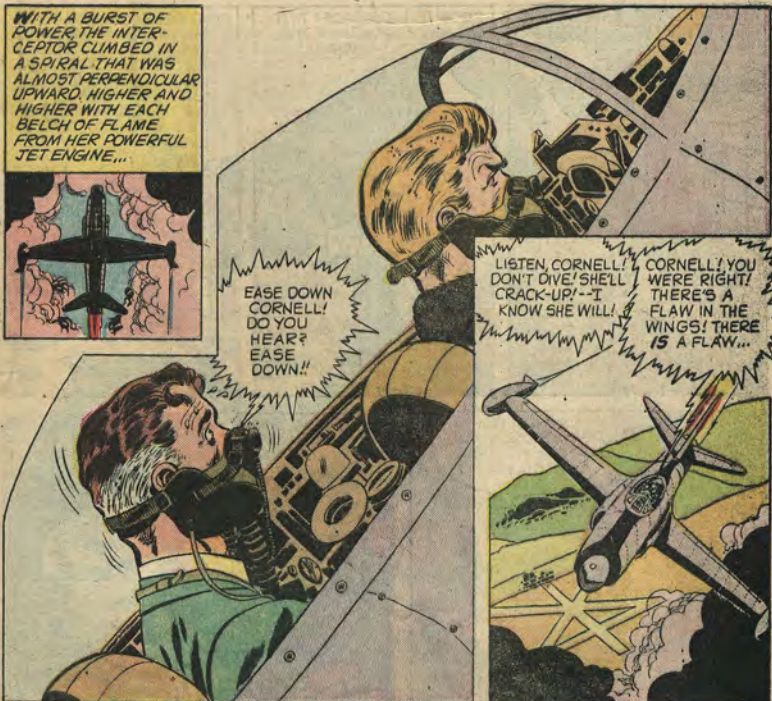


**IN A MOMENT CORNELL HAD FASTENED REDFAN IN THE PLACE NORMALLY USED BY THE RADAR ENGINEER. NOW HE GUNNED THE MOTORS. THE SUPER-POWERED JET ROARED ANGRILY AND TOOK OFF...**





WITH A BURST OF POWER, THE INTERCEPTOR CLIMBED IN A SPIRAL THAT WAS ALMOST PERPENDICULAR UPWARD, HIGHER AND HIGHER WITH EACH BELCH OF FLAME FROM HER POWERFUL JET ENGINE...



CORNELL EASED SLOWLY OUT OF THE DIVE, CUT THE SPEED, THEN LET THE CRAFT SETTLE LIGHTLY AS A BIRD.



BOYS, GRAB THIS MAD MAN! HE'S GONE COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS MIND!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, YOU MEN CALL MR WHITE!







INVESTIGATION PROVED THE CORRECTNESS OF JACK CORNELL'S HUNCH. REDFAN SECRETLY HAD BEEN A COMMUNIST FOR YEARS AND HAD PLACED OTHER COMMUNISTS IN KEY JOBS. THUS ALMOST UNDETECTABLE FLAWS IN CONSTRUCTION CREEPT INTO THE JET PLANES--FLAWS THAT SAVE FOR BONDY'S SACRIFICE AND JACK CORNELL'S SIXTH SENSE AND COURAGE, WOULD HAVE SURELY MEANT DISASTER TO COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN!

**THE END.**



# KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS  
ALBUS

MOROCOCCUS

PHYTOSPORUM  
OVALE

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

MICROBACILLUS

**NOTHING, Absolutely nothing  
known to Science can do more to**

# SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but **all four** types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

## ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

## TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

© 1949

**ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE**

Ward Laboratories, Inc.  
1410 Broadway, Dept. 6001-W, New York 19, N.Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you **GUARANTEE** refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone .....

State .....

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course.

APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 25c; no COD's.

**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK APO GUARANTEE**

SCALP ITCH  
FALLING  
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD  
ODORS

**Proof!**

We got better  
like this  
in 3 days  
from greasy  
mess and  
head odor  
and hair  
fell out

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. L. M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Perisla, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

## Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

SEAL

Ward Laboratories, Inc.



She'll be your "Dream Girl"  
You'll "Bewitch" her with it

Bewitching

Daring  
"BLACK  
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 125  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Heaven  
Sent

Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 288  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Black  
Sorcery



Daring  
Bare-back  
She'll be  
entranced  
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 428  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**SAVE 70%**

# SACRIFICE SALE! SWISS WATCHES

**FORCED TO RAISE CASH! CREDITORS DEMAND PAYMENT!**

It's in a tight fix. We need cash QUICK to pay our bills. Our creditors won't wait. They demand payment NOW. Our misfortune is your LUCKY BREAK! You save PLENTY on these wonderful watches. Look them over! Where in all America can you get such terrific bargains?

Examine... enjoy any watch FREE of risk or obligation for a whole week! Your money back if not delighted! SEND NO MONEY. Just check off watches desired in coupon. Pay low price on delivery - not one red cent more! GIVEN: Expensive looking Expansion Band. Guarantee Certificate, Instructions and GIFT with every watch. Get us the band wagon and SAVE! Rush coupon NOW to Times.

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 189-N-100  
129 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.**

**TAKE YOUR PICK**

**TRY AT OUR RISK!**



No. 236  
**\$6.95**



No. 231  
**\$4.95**



No. 256  
**\$6.88**

Date changes  
in window  
every  
day

The watch with the  
"MECHANICAL  
BRAIN"  
Stop-Watch **CHRONOGRAPH**

Amazing accuracy the watch with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" that actually answers your questions on distance and speed! It tells you how fast cars, planes and horses go. Also measures distance on time sports, photography, light, sump, pulse beats, etc. Besides it's a handsome, precision-built watch that wins admiration everywhere!

**COMPARE WITH \$29.50 WATCHES!**  
Has 2 PUSH-BUTTONS that start and stop movement. \* Tele-meter. \* Telemeter Dial. \* Self-adjusting Calibrations. \* Radium numbers and hands that glow at night! \* Unbreakable crystal. \* Center Sweep hand. \* Rugged construction for long, hard use. \* Special Metal-Link band. Guarantee and operating instructions given. Order by No. 236. Sale price complete...\$6.95

**MEN & BOYS**

A dandy looking Swiss watch at a BARGAIN price! Regulated and inspected to assure accuracy! Has many quality features found in watches selling for much more! America's BIG value! Handsome rich looking, flexible metal band given. Full satisfaction GUARANTEED or your money back! No risk nothing! So don't miss this terrific bargain! No extras complete price, only...\$4.95

Order by No. 231

Tells time  
Gives DATE!

**CALENDAR WATCH**

NOW YOURS at a glance... the second, minute, hour and DATE too! This remarkable Swiss watch has a built-in AUTOMATIC CALENDAR that changes the date every day. Its latest, noting to see the date pop into the tiny window day after day! It's a wall model, accurate timepiece you'll wear with pride. Attractive THIN case in the color of Sterling Silver, luminous numbers and hands, fine sweep second hand and Kleinswivel unbreakable crystal. Try for 7 days FREE of obligation - your money back if you are not thrilled with this wonderful watch! Compare it with other watches selling up to \$9.95 for rich appearance and accuracy. A real bargain! Our price is fully tax paid - you don't pay one cent extra! Order now by Number 256. Get yours NOW - special SACRIFICE price...\$6.88



No. 260  
**\$6.97**

**DROP IT!  
BANG IT!**  
**SHOCK  
RESISTANT WATCH**

The SHOCK ABSORBER built right into this remarkable watch is one of the great inventions of this century. Same you know, worry, aggravation! NOW you don't have to take your watch off when playing baseball, football, tennis! YES... bang it... hit it... even DROP it. Actually defies bumps, in fact, you'll send your arm an trial for a whole week! YOUR MONEY BACK if you BREAK IT! Has night glowing luminous Ma's and hands, sweep-second hand, unbreakable crystal, rich design and FLEXIBLE metal band. Don't lose this lifetime opportunity! Order now by No. 260. Full price - not 1 cent extra...\$6.97



No. 252  
**\$9.95**

**RUNS UNDER  
WATER!**  
**Submarine  
Water-Protected Watch**

Watch of the atomic age! Not only does this amazing watch defy breakage by virtue of its special STAFF SHOCK ABSORBER, but it has a SPECIAL RUBBER GASKET and screw back to keep out water, grime and germs. Yes, you can drop it, jolt it... and go SWIMMING with the SUBMARINE WATCH. It runs UNDER the water! Precision-made by Swiss artists. Unbreakable crystal... sweep-second hand... with-second calibrations... luminous radium-applique numbers and hands. Special REDUCED price. Order by No. 252. Money Back GUARANTEE. Only...\$9.95



No. 203  
**\$7.98**

**12 Pseudo  
Rubies and  
DIAMONDS**  
**"The Millionaire"  
ARISTOCRAT**

Last word in smart styling for men! Smart imitation rubies and diamonds around the dial! Accurate, dependable, SWISS movement. WHITE-GOLD color affect case and matching flexible band. Has Sweep-Second hand. Unbreakable crystal. This watch makes a terrific impression everywhere... looks like a \$100.00 timepiece and it's very ACCURATE too! We give you 7 full days to try it and compare it with watches selling for much more. Your money back GUARANTEED if you aren't 100% satisfied! RUSH order now and SAVE! Number 203. Your price, only...\$7.98

**GUARANTEE  
EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS!**

FREE repair service ANYTIME if needed by skilled watchmakers for the LIFE of this firm. No cost ever for "handing in" adjustment or service. U.S. MAKING LIFETIME FRIENDS! Remember: If you are not satisfied with your purchase after home trial, return for full price refund.

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, 127 West 33rd St. Dept. 189-N-100 New York 1, N.Y.**

RUSH watches! checked for full week's TRIAL FREE of risk I will pay postman price shown - NO EXTRAS - on delivery. GIVEN: No. 317 Aristocrat Ring. Guarantee, Band at no extra charge.

☐ No. 236 - \$6.95 ☐ No. 231 - \$4.95 ☐ No. 256 - \$6.88 ☐ No. 260 - \$6.97 ☐ No. 252 - \$9.95 ☐ No. 203 - \$7.98

Chronograph Sturdy Swiss Calendar Shock Resistant Submarine Millionaire

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Town & State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ CHECK here for extra gift if sending watch on money order with coupon!





# new figure mold HIDE-A-WAIST

## 17 Sensational Features

Streamline Your Waist

Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that unbecoming tummy bulge and clumsy waistline . . . AND instead . . . enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-chango — like magic you have graceful alluring curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that effect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shapely no matter what angle . . . sit, bend, stand or walk with comfortable, even grace. The secret of glamorous, stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

### ADJUSTABLE To Tailor-Made Fit

The adjustable features allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practically made to order for your figure. Gives you poise and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure.

You get the support you need with unbelievable comfort. The specially designed concave effect permits HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

### BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at the value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST . . . BUT . . . when you put it on and see your new

self, you'll be the happiest girl in the world. You'll look as thin and graceful as a sixteen-year-old nymph. Order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and not available in stores. Order direct without risk. You must be 100% delighted or we refund your money. Comes in sizes up to 40. The introductory price is indeed a bargain. Sizes up to 34 only \$2.98, plus postage. Sizes 35 and over One Dollar extra. (50¢ extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.)

ONLY  
**2<sup>98</sup>**  
2 FOR  
\$5.95

#### FEATURES

**Galore**  
17 Sectional Features  
Streamline Waistline . . .  
Adjustable . . .  
Washable . . .  
made of Leno  
lastex, satin-  
faced rayon.  
Fully guaran-  
teed. Light-  
weight. Cool  
ventilated.  
Will not  
wrinkle or  
ride up. Sizes  
20 to 40.



HIDE-A-WAIST  
Back View



You will look charmingly chic in your new Hide-A-Waist. Your stylish waistline will add new glamour to your favorite frocks . . . you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.

**10 DAY TRIAL FREE!**

**NOTE** Fashion has emphasized the streamlined waist. Be up to the minute when you parade your pretty self . . . order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear it 10 days FREE and, if not delighted, return for prompt refund of full purchase price. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry coupon.

S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. H-679,  
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size . . . . . (waist size in inches).

Also send . . . . . sets of extra-length detachable and adjustable garters at only 50¢ for set of four.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME

ADDRESS